

# God by My Side

Before entering high school, I was already going to church weekly and thought that I had a strong connection with God. To be honest, though, high school was rough. I continuously had to pray silently to God whenever I got upset or lost my temper. (I had trouble with my emotions from a young age.) One Friday during recess, I was walking past the band room and was invited to come inside. That was when things got interesting.

When entering the band room I found around a dozen students along with a handful of adults. They invited me to sit down with them and since I had nothing better to do I joined in. I however saw a familiar face. It was pastor Olaf. I of course gave him a big hug. Pastor Olaf explained that every Friday they would have a bible study in the band room. I was curious about why I was only now finding out about this but then I remembered my antisocial behavior and thought it reasonable. I had a ton of fun. I started arriving every Friday and I learned stories I didn't know before contained in the bible. I learned there that miracles happen more often than I ever could imagine benign told about them on several occasions.

I was not very talkative and didn't realize that until high school. I wondered why I didn't have many friends. I didn't pay any attention to this. However, after the first year of high school, I got more worried that I couldn't think of a single person I would call a friend at school, though I had many acquaintances and people I got along with. I tried to make more friends but I realized that I often mumbled instead of speaking out loud and when I did talk to people I didn't seem to be capable of asking to be friends but I didn't seem to be scared of the idea. I started praying one night asking god to teach me to make friends. The next year I met some old faces. Kids I met in high school. I became very close with the group of friends and the year after my nasty habit of mumbling was gone though I do sometimes accidentally speak louder than needed now.

When it comes to being social I didn't have any problems with fear. That mostly only came up when I was scared of things like falling from a high place or getting stung by a bee. But during my junior and senior years, I had a hiccup. My school has a graduation requirement called senior project. Each student gets a mentor to help them out. But at the time I was overwhelmed as I was getting tough assignments and projects from multiple classes at the time while still working. I'm not the type of person who likes asking for help and in fact, I feel afraid of asking for help for some reason. I tried to do the project alone and fell behind and I eventually started getting down on myself to the point where my teachers noticed and sent me to the counselor. That night I hoped in prayed that it wasn't too late to complete my project as I started later than most students. But then I thought that god gave me time I just needed to use what time that I got left. With that mentality in mind, I barely finished the project in time and was one of the only two students to pass with full marks.

I often turn to God when I need him most and enjoy the lessons in each of the Bible stories he left behind. My high school life has been derailed multiple times, but I have God to thank for getting me back on track. But I know one thing for sure: God is with me!